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Poetry, American

NB

MacKinnon







Sines  
for the  
Gentle and Loring.

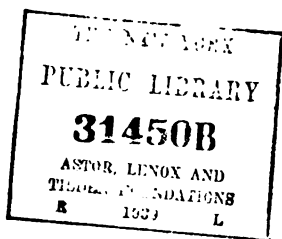
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By Thomas MacKellar.

Philadelphia:  
Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

1853.

E.V.D.



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To  
The Nearest and Dearest  
This Volume

Is Most Affectionately Inscribed

By the Author.







## Prefatory.

Man's chief duty to his brethren is, to endeavour to make them good and happy. Able pens have amused the fancy and instructed the mind:—be it my privilege to touch the heart.

J. M. F.





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## Lines for the Gentle and Loving.



### Winter's Phases.

ALL day long the clouds have drizzled,  
Drizzled on the earth below,  
Till the trees are ice-befrizzled,  
And like gems the branches glow,  
And twisted twig and slender stem  
Outglory any diadem.  
Were the dull clouds to break away,  
Were the mid-heaven sun to shine,  
The jewell'd world would flash to-day  
As if it were a diamond mine:  
The dwellers on the orbs afar  
Might gaze in rapturous surprise,  
And shout, "A new-created star  
Is rising in the distant skies!"

But drearily the day runs down,  
And night enfolds us in her frown.

Gather near the crackling embers—  
Toast the slipper'd nether members,  
While the wind among the willows  
Sweeps with deep resounding roar,  
Till we seem to hear the billows  
Breaking on the sandy shore.

What rattles so against the pane,  
Unlike the pattering of the rain?  
'Tis hail! 'tis hail! The rushing blast  
Impels it furiously and fast :  
Like pebbles pelted at a pillory,  
Cracks the storm-cloud's small artillery.

It ceases now;  
The noiseless snow  
Coquettishly comes sidling down,  
And here and there  
And everywhere  
It lies all o'er the dingy town—  
Like a pure mantle thrown above  
A sinful soul by pitying love.

The wind exults in sportive power;  
Look out, and mark the frosty shower  
It whirls from housetop and from tree  
Till they are bare as poverty,

And many a heap—

Half fathom deep—

Is piled away in quiet nooks;

And the plastic

Snow, fantastic,

Whirls and twirls in curious crooks,

Until we gaze,

In feign'd amaze,

As if it were the work of spooks!

How beautiful the morning scene!

A single peep

Reveals what pranks the wind has been

About throughout

The hours when we were sound asleep.

And it has blown against the door

A heap so high 'twill make us sore

To bear it hence away;

And, buried inches deep below

The surface of the untrodden snow,

The spade is gone astray!

Who needs must work, and cannot play,  
Alone go forth this snowy day  
Till the path-finders clear the way;  
And then "Hurrah for the gliding sleigh!"  
Cheerily, cheerily now they go—  
Skippingly, trippingly over the snow;  
Ears a-tingling—  
Bells a-jingling—

And every belle beside a beau,  
With eyes a-light and cheeks a-glow;  
Skip it and trip it while ye may,  
For a melting change is coming to-day.  
There's a gentle breeze—it comes from the South—  
As sweet as breath from the milch-kine's mouth;  
And the rays of the sun bend down to kiss  
The ice and the snow,  
And away they go  
As if they perish'd beneath the bliss,  
Like simple souls in human clay  
Whose love has stolen their life away.

The cold, hard coat earth lately wore  
Grows soft and sleek as muddy ooze;  
And happy those who have good store  
Of patience and impervious shoes.

It drips from the cornice—  
It drips from the eaves—  
It drips from the boughs  
That are barren of leaves.  
It thaws in the garden—  
It thaws in the street;  
Alas for the bonnet  
And slight-cover'd feet!

The smoke from our chimney's too lazy to rise,  
And like a sad story brings tears in our eyes;  
While, aching and sneezing  
And shaking and wheezing,  
For weather that's freezing the invalid sighs.

Lo! the king of the North  
Again rushes forth,  
A ravenous beast from his lair,  
And, howling and growling,  
Around he goes prowling,  
As fierce as his own polar bear.  
He touches the brooks, and the frighten'd elves  
'Neath roofs of crystal conceal themselves;  
And the earth grows hard as a selfish heart  
That lives from its human-kind apart.

The frosty king has ceased his din,  
And cold and quiet night sets in;  
The stars—incomparably bright—  
Swing near the earth their lamps of light,  
As if to cast a cheering glow  
O'er the dark and frozen world below.  
There is a hearth—I know it well—  
Where love and peace and plenty dwell;  
And thankful hearts are biding there,  
Who praise the Giver in their prayer:—  
And many such are in our land  
Where love and hope link hand in hand;—  
Yet are there not God's poor who shrink,  
On night like this, from every chink,  
And crouch like beasts that have no soul  
Before a dim and dying coal?  
Oh, *Thou* whose pity, love, and power  
Around us hover every hour,  
Awaken in our breasts the zeal  
To toil for man as well as feel,  
And for the love we bear to Thee  
To comfort poor humanity.

## Why Delay the Violets?

---

OH where's my early violets?  
    'Tis time they were  
    Again astir,  
My pretty, modest, blue-eyed pets!

I look'd for them but yestermorn—  
    For every day  
    I pass that way—  
To see if they had yet been born.

I'll seek again to-morrow noon:  
    The ice and snow  
    Went long ago,  
So I expect my darlings soon.

Then I will take my children there,  
    And bid them see  
    How modesty  
May make the lowliest more than fair.

## Lost and Saved.

---

It was a gallant ship  
And a goodly company  
That left a peaceful port, and went  
A voyage o'er the sea.

The winds blew soft and fair,  
And sweet as a holy hymn  
When chanted by the tuneful tongues  
Of heavenly cherubim.

The mariners' hearts were glad ;  
And they slept without a fear ;  
And day and night the ship sped on,  
Till the wish'd-for land was near.

A little cloud arose,  
And a fire-ball suddenly came  
With a thunder-clap from the little cloud,  
And set the ship on flame.

A circle was round the moon,  
And the North-Star hid his light;  
And sorrow and fear fell on the hearts  
Of the mariners that night.

The burning ship appear'd  
Like a torch in a world of gloom;  
And they knelt and pray'd to Christ to save  
Their souls from a fiery doom.

They launch'd their boats, and lay  
In silence on the sea;  
And there they seem'd alone with God  
In his infinity.

With a hiss and a sudden plunge,  
The ship sunk in the wave,  
And their fragile boats alone were 'tween  
The voyagers and the grave.

The morning slowly broke,  
"Ho, a sail! ho, a sail!" they cried,  
And a lofty vessel, sent of Heaven,  
Came dashing o'er the tide.

Soon safe upon her deck,  
Their terrors were allay'd;  
The mother was not left childless, nor  
The wife a widow made.

In many an after year,  
His children round his knee,  
The father at his hearthstone told  
The dangers of the sea.



## The Two Processions.

---

ALONG the city's proudest street  
I heard the tread of many feet;  
'Neath velvet pall and waving plume,  
They bore a mortal to the tomb.

Oh, 'twas a grand and proud array,  
And haughty mourners led the way;  
Their scarfs in fashion's style were trimm'd,  
Their eyes with sorrow all undimm'd.

I sigh'd, and o'er my bosom came  
A sad and sickening pang of shame:  
And I had wept, had not mine eye  
Found cause for worthier sympathy.

For as I turn'd my feet aside,  
And through a nameless alley hied,  
Slow issuing from an humble shed,  
I saw the poor bring forth their dead.

The widow and her orphans twain  
Outpour'd a sad and piteous strain :  
Of husband and of father 'reft,  
What had such hapless mourners left?

A moment—and the hearse was gone,  
They feebly, faintly following on ;  
With silent tears and aching breast,  
They bore him to his place of rest.

There in the potter's field he lay,  
As soft as if in holier clay ;  
It matters little where they sleep  
Whom Christ hath promised he will keep.

The harder toil, the sweeter rest ;  
More deeply cross'd, more richly blest ;  
And heaven a welcome boon must be  
To such a weary man as he.

No holy man of God was there  
To utter slow and solemn prayer,  
Or bid them lift their weeping eyes  
To homes and hopes beyond the skies.

But God was there; with healing balm,  
He made the mourners' hearts grow calm :  
They knelt and pray'd, and wondrous grace  
Abounded in that lonely place.



## A Child at a Window.

---

BUT yesternoon my curious eye espied  
A child out-looking through a window-pane:  
Urgent my haste, yet as I onward hied,  
I turn'd to gaze upon the child again.  
Her face was fair, her eyes were bright and blue,  
Her hair hung loosely with peculiar grace  
Of curl or texture, glossiness or hue;  
But whether more of mirth were in her face,  
Or innocence, or modesty, 't were not  
An easy word to say. A sweet red spot  
And dimple beautified her cheek, and lent  
A comely aspect to the child. She wore  
No gaudy dress, nor golden ornament;  
In her own native self her chiefest charm she bore.

## On Seeing the Picture of a Child.

---

'TWAS but a little child—and yet I felt  
Unutterable thrills arise within :  
I thought on what my infant days had been,  
When I before my mother simply knelt,  
And clasp'd my hands and said our Saviour's  
prayer,—

A happy boy, with blue and playful eye,  
And flaxen hair, and cheek that might outvie  
The crimson of the rose. But toil and care  
Have done their wonted work.—Ah me ! how strange  
That years so few should bring such wondrous  
change !

This pallid cheek—this calm and serious air—  
This quiet eye—this weary, weary frame—  
Can these be his whose promise was so fair?—  
With growing hope of heaven, the being is the same !

## My Sabbath Scholar.

---

A CHILD came in our school on Sabbath-day—

A little one, whose years were very few:

I sat me down, as I am wont to do,

Beside her, saying, as I'm wont to say,

“And what's your name, my dear?” She look'd  
at me

And meekly said, “My name is Mary, sir.”

I felt a yearning of my heart to her:

“How old are you, my child?”—Then answer'd  
she

Her years were only four. She had no brother—

But lived alone at home, she and her mother.

“Tell me what is your father's name,” I said.

“My father is in heaven,” was her reply,

And silently she lifted up her head.—

Ought I be deemèd weak if tears o'erfill'd mine eye?

## The House Love-haunted.

---

GIVE me a house that's haunted,  
With Love the only sprite;  
I'll dwell in it undaunted,  
Nor fear its utmost spite.

Though witching tones are swelling  
Above me and beside,  
Where Love is in the dwelling  
I am content to bide.

If every beam and rafter  
And every stone and tile  
Re-echo with its laughter,  
My heart shall laugh the while.

The favour'd room or chamber  
Frequented by the ghost,  
I'll gladliest remember,  
And I will prize it most.

When morn is stilly breaking,  
And earth is growing light,  
I'll tremble not if, waking,  
Mine eyes behold the sprite.

If, as the day grows older,  
The heavenly-temper'd thing  
Taps tenderly my shoulder,  
Rejoicingly I'll sing.

When in the midnight lonely  
Day's brighter scenes are hid,  
I'll sweetly sleep if only  
Love stirs the coverlid.

I'd ever be enchanted  
By Love's bewitching spell,  
And in a house love-haunted  
I would my life-long dwell.

And when my time is ending,  
And heaven is coming nigh,  
Let Love, my soul attending,  
Go with me to the sky.

## Pity, Good Gentlefolks.

---

HAVE pity on the poor, good gentlefolks;  
For they are cold and hungry. Starving pain  
Is hard to bear, and oftentimes provokes  
The deed of infamy and crime, t'obtain  
The bread that honest labour fails to earn.  
Have pity on the poor; nor coldly turn  
The ear away from their distressful sighs.  
Spurn not too rudely e'en the beggar—he  
Has fallen far, yet let his misery  
Plead with your heart and dew your tender eyes.  
Oh pity him! Perchance 'twas strong temptation  
That drew him to this fate: perchance 'twas grief  
For loss of all. Deep is the desolation  
Of an unfriended heart. Vouchsafe him some relief.

Have pity on the poor—the hidden ones,  
Who shut their sorrows in their hearts,—the worn  
And weary man,—the widow, and her sons  
And daughters fatherless,—the overborne.  
Have pity on the hapless slave of toil,

The patient, gentle, fragile sewing-girl,  
Whose thin and sunken cheek is pale as pearl,  
Whose slender fingers constantly must moil,  
To wring from masters the small weekly dole  
That barely binds the body and the soul.  
And ye fine ladies, beautiful and proud,  
Whose delicate forms are clad in rich array,  
Remember those whose sister-heads are bow'd  
With toil for you, endured by night and day.

Ye flitting moths—ye butterflies of fashion—  
Ye pinching, hard, unfeeling things of pride—  
Aristocrats of pompousness and passion,  
Who sternly brush the humble man aside—  
Ye who increase upon the poor man's labour—  
Who reap the harvest ye have never sown—  
Who eat the fruit that other men have grown,—  
The Lord has said: "The wretched is your neighbour."

Your brother too. And in the Father's heart  
(Who holds the world within His love, and gives  
Its daily food to every thing that lives)

Perchance he has a large and loving part.  
Be kind and pitiful while yet ye may,  
And sweep somewhat of human wo away.

The world is dark; and who for Jesus' sake  
Do good to man, are like the city lamps:  
Their rays throughout surrounding darkness break,  
And cheer the wanderer in the midnight damps.  
They pale at breaking of the morn: but soon  
The sun majestic shall arise, and pour  
A flood of radiance from the skies' mid-noon:  
Their little lamps are needed then no more.  
Absorb'd and lost in heavenly love and glory,  
Their ravish'd minds then hear the Saviour say,  
"Ye did it to the suffering sons of clay,  
And so 'twas done to Me." The immortal story  
O'er the wide plains of Paradise shall fly,  
And crowds descend to welcome them on high.



## September Rain.

---

PATTER—patter—

Listen how the rain-drops clatter,  
Falling on the shingle roof;  
How they rattle,  
Like the rifle's click in battle,  
Or the charger's iron hoof!

Cool and pleasant  
Is the evening air at present,  
Gathering freshness from the rain;  
Languor chasing,  
Muscle, thew, and sinew bracing,  
And enlivening the brain.

Close together  
Draw the bands of love in weather  
When the sky is overcast;

Eyeballs glisten—  
Thankfully we sit and listen  
To the rain that's coming fast.

Dropping—dropping  
Like dissolving diamonds,—popping  
'Gainst the crystal window-pane,  
As if seeking  
Entrance-welcome, and bespeaking  
Our affection for the rain.

Quick, and quicker  
Come the droppings,—thick, and thicker  
Pour the hasty torrents down :  
Rushing—rushing—  
From the leaden spouts a-gushing,  
Cleansing all the streets in town.

Darkness utter  
Gathers round;—we close the shutter;  
Snugly shelter'd let us keep.  
Still unceasing  
Falls the rain; but oh! 'tis pleasing  
'Neath such lullaby to sleep.

How I love it!  
Let the miser money covet—  
Let the soldier seek the fight;  
Give me only,  
When I lie awake and lonely,  
Music made by rain at night.



## The Girl and Woman.

---

A CHEERY-MINDED maiden,  
Just stepping o'er the line  
Where womanhood and girlhood  
Their boundaries combine;

The joyousness of girlhood,  
The woman's conscious pride,  
Commingle like the sunlight  
In dalliance with the tide.

Her lips emitted music  
That thrills my bosom yet;  
Her eyes were bright as dew-drops  
Upon a violet.

I say not she was handsome—  
That may or may not be;  
But she, in every feature,  
Was beautiful to me.

I saw her, and I loved her—  
I sought her, and I won;  
A dozen pleasant summers,  
And more, since then have run;

And half as many voices,  
Now prattling by her side,  
Remind me of the autumn  
When she became my bride.



## To Bob.

---

I BEAR you malice, Bob?—not I, indeed.

I can't afford it, Bob. It costs too dear  
To hate a human soul. I'd rather bleed  
Than thrust the point of hate's envenom'd spear  
In any mortal's breast. No, no! I say.

How could I seek a pardon at His hand  
Who in The Book has left His stern command  
That we must pardon others ere we pray?

There's far too much of selfishness in me  
To sell my comfort for hate's paltry pay:

Of other's love I've grown too miserly  
To cast it rashly, wickedly away.

Love is the all we have of heaven here;  
If that were gone, this life were desolate and drear.

There is a bias, Bob, in every man

To go astray. So was I taught in youth,  
And later years have shown to me its truth.

Has there been one who without halting ran

The course of life? If any such there be,  
He's clad in more than our humanity:  
And I am not the man, for I am frail,  
As all earth's children are. One—only One—  
Once lived on earth by whom no wrong was done.  
Though through infirmity I oft may fail,  
Yet if, friend Bob! when suddenly assail'd,  
I answer'd sharply when I should have smiled  
And own'd that you had but jocosely rail'd,  
Think not my mind by malice was beguiled.



## The Early Ice.

---

THE ice has come! The cold-lipp'd Frost has kiss'd  
The waters while they slept at night; his breath  
Has fix'd them in a torpor, as of death:  
Nor shrub nor flower the midnight ranger miss'd,  
But on them all he laid his fatal fingers.  
He touch'd the trees; and when the sun comes forth  
And warms the leaves, they fall in sudden showers;  
The change from frost to sunny heat o'erpowers  
The feeble health that in them faintly lingers.  
The blast is keen this morning from the north;  
All tender things are dying day by day;  
Soon, soon will they be gone, and seen no more,  
And we shall stand on nature's wintry shore,  
The gentle dreams of summer having pass'd away.

## The City-bound.

---

WHAT a pity—  
Biding in the parched city  
All the fiery summer through!  
Dry and dusty,  
Soul and body getting rusty,  
Lacking will to think or do.

Ever growing  
Hot and hotter—fiercely glowing  
From the morning till the noon;  
Hot and hotter,  
Like the furnace of the potter  
When it sings its 'custom'd tune.

Not a pitcher  
Full of water, to make rich, or  
Mollify the baken ground,

Falls from heaven  
From the sunrise till the even—  
All is dustiness profound.

Of the ices,  
Hundred hundred-weight suffices  
Not to cool the city's heat;  
Drinking, drinking  
Is in vogue instead of thinking—  
Frozen water is our meat.

Oh for fountains  
Running down from icy mountains!  
Oh for palaces of cream!  
Oh for shadows  
Cast by trees o'er pleasant meadows  
Dreamt of in a poet's dream!

Oh to wander  
Where the tinkling rills meander  
Down the hill-side to the strand,—  
Often stooping,  
Draughts of cooling water scooping  
With the hollow of my hand.

Oh what pity  
In the hot and parchèd city  
To abide the summer through!  
Dry and dusty,  
Soul and body growing musty—  
Lacking strength to will or do.



## A Poet and His Song.

---

HE was a man endow'd like other men  
With strange varieties of thought and feeling:  
His bread was earn'd by daily toil; yet when  
A pleasing fancy o'er his mind came stealing,  
He set a trap and snared it by his art,  
And hid it in the bosom of his heart.  
He nurtured it and loved it as his own,  
And it became obedient to his beck;  
He fix'd his name on its submissive neck,  
And graced it with all graces to him known,  
And then he bade it lift its wing and fly  
Over the earth, and sing in every ear  
Some soothing sound the sighful soul to cheer,  
Some lay of love to lure it to the sky.

## The Spirit's Ailment and Remedy.

---

### The Ailment.

FOR many days I walk'd beneath a cloud  
Which no sun-ray found any passage through:  
The mid-noon like the depth of midnight grew,  
And my faint soul was in the darkness bow'd.  
Uncomforted, I wander'd mid the crowd,  
Where all were busy, eager, earnest, gay;  
Some idly chatting, others laughing loud,  
And friend saluting friend along his way.  
Amid them all, I was alone—alone;  
A yearning man, and with a human heart,  
From other men set seemingly apart;  
Mine ear receiving not a friendly tone,  
Mine eye perceiving not an answering gleam;  
And life was nigh become a dim and dreary  
dream.

*The Remedy.*

WHEN overcome with darkness and dejection,  
And wintry clouds o'ercast the mental sky,  
'Tis good to stir the ashes of affection,  
And gather up love's embers ere they die,  
And breathe upon the coals, and add new fuel;—  
The fire of love needs, frequently, renewal—  
Supplies of tenderness and deeds of kindness,  
And tones of sympathy and gentle meaning—  
A brother's faults benevolently screening,  
(For love is nurtured by a purposed blindness.)  
Thrice blessed he who finds it in his heart  
To follow CHRIST! Then sadness spreads her  
wings,  
And pleasantly the soul within him sings;  
And of the good he does, he shares a double part.



## A Plea for Peace and Unity.

---

"Two men of the Hebrews strove together, and he said to him that did the wrong, *Wherefore smilest thou thy fellow?*"—EXODUS II. 13.

---

YE blessed sons and daughters  
Whose ministry is peace,  
Pour oil upon the waters  
And cause their rage to cease.

O men of mine own nation,  
Will any idle stand  
While rank infatuation  
Is perilling the land?

If sin is on our brother,  
Whence comes to us the right  
The bosom of our mother  
With brutal hand to smite?

Will human blood like water  
Wash human sin away?  
Will fratricidal slaughter  
Bring in a holier day?

Shall women, wildly weeping  
Their sons and husbands dead,  
Pray that a curse unsleeping  
Rest on a kinsman's head?

For son against the father,  
And father 'gainst the son,  
In fierce array may gather  
Till murder's doubly done!

Shall we renounce this Eden,  
Where God has brought us in,  
And leave to men succeeding  
The heir-loom of our sin?

Why bid our natural foemen  
Rejoicingly to cry,  
"Behold the welcome omen,  
That Freedom's doom'd to die!"

Why quench the beacon's burning  
Whose radiance lights the sky,  
To which all nations, turning,  
Look with a hopeful eye?

If now its flame ye smother,  
Ye quench the hopes of men :  
How long before another  
Shall light the world again?

While with majestic motion  
Our valley rivers run,  
And, ere they swell the ocean,  
Form an harmonious one—

So long may love incline us  
(Let every patriot pray)  
With olive-leaves to twine us,  
Till Time's concluding day!



## Lines to My Specs.

---

MÆONIDES rehearsed a tale of arms,  
And NASO told of curious metamorphoses;  
Unnumber'd pens have pictured woman's charms,  
While crazy LEE made poetry on porpoises :  
But mine the glory to recount thy worth,  
O crystal SPECS ! that stand'st invisibly  
Before mine eyes, and giv'st them power to see  
What else they had not seen in heaven or earth.  
Thou second sight that sham'st old Scotia's seers !  
Thou vision-giver of the scenes that lie  
Beyond the reach of unanointed eye,  
Far, far away in sight-confounding spheres !  
Thou scal'st the very fortress of the stars,  
And climb'st its gate for me, and lettest down the bars  
  
Without thee, what were life? A misty vision,  
A murky morn, ne'er breaking from its gloom;  
A barren world, without a field elysian—  
A weary waste, with not a flower in bloom!

When, in time past, thou gottest first a-straddle,  
This nose of mine, a sort of nasal saddle,

Mine optics caper'd in the field of sight,  
Like a young horse let loose among the clover,  
That kicks his heels, and flies the meadow over,

And loudly whinnies in his fond delight :  
Now, soberer grown, I sit like reverend sage  
Beside the hearth-stone while old Winter blows ;  
I place thee on my patriarchal nose,  
And ponder gravely Wisdom's pregnant page.

Art's wondrous world thou layest bare to me ;  
The painter's skill, the sculptor's graceful line :  
Thou openest the entrance to the mine  
Of hidden treasures of philosophy ;  
Or, by thy magic power, I plume the wing,  
And fly to realms where deathless poets dwell :  
I hear the lays their lips immortal sing,  
And list the tales their tongues were wont to tell.  
By thee I scan the "human face divine,"  
The pleasing study loved so long and well ;  
I mark the graces that within it shine,  
When in the breast the deep emotions swell,  
Till mine own heart impulsively gives vent  
To streams of gladness and affection blent.

## The Presence in the Dwelling.

---

AN awful Presence fills the silent dwelling—  
The dread Unseen unwelcomely is there;  
And stricken bosoms piteously are swelling,  
And pallid lips are quivering in prayer.

The household band, from the young, timid lisper  
To hoary grandam, sit in sad dismay;  
Their words are few, and spoken in a whisper,  
While wofully they wait the coming day.

Meek as a lamb, a victim there is lying—  
A deathly paleness covering all his face:  
His mortal frame is slowly, surely dying—  
His soul is strong, and comforted by grace.

So loving is he in his last behaviour,  
His heart is touch'd by sorrowing friends' distress:  
"Be thou this widow's God, O Lord my Saviour,  
And Father be to these my fatherless."

Before the Presence, mute is the physician;  
No drug can heal the fatal wound of Death;  
And deaf alike to threatening or petition,  
He seals his victory with the parting breath.

The shadowy night, while all the earth is sleeping,  
Moves slowly on, and morning brings its cares;  
The dead is here—but in the world unweeping  
Another brow a crown of glory wears.



## The Sting of the Tongue.

---

THE slanderer mingles falsehood with the truth,  
And serves the devil in his viler work.

Within his lips there may be said to lurk  
A fang more deadly than the cobra's tooth.

With keen, insane, insatiable delight,  
He marks the accents of a victim's tongue;

On idle words he sates his appetite,  
And forth he goes, disgorging them among

A world of slander-lovers. Magnifying  
The more they're spread, they tingle on the ear:  
And those who tell the tale, and those who hear,  
Are apt confederates in the work of lying:  
Thus a fair fame among the slanderers thrown  
Is glaw'd as hungry dogs delight to gnaw a bone.

More cruel is the slanderer than the snake;  
He spits his venom on a man's good name,  
Until the guiltless bows his head in shame,  
And the fine fibres of his spirit break.

The world avers, because his countenance changes  
When some vile charge is made, that "'tis a sign  
The man is guilty;" "that it very strange is;"  
"And he deserves a punishment condign."

But innocence is like the sensitive leaf;  
Whene'er 'tis touch'd by leathings of suspicion,  
It trembles in an agony of grief,  
And men misjudge its sorrowful condition :

While brazen guilt confronts a righteous charge,  
And blustering like a braggart, walks the earth at  
large.



I've Not the Heart to Cut Them Down.

---

I'VE not the heart to cut them down !

These dry and dusty flowers,  
That spring and summer smiled upon,  
And fed with dews and showers :  
I know they're dead ; their leaves have flown,  
Their stalks are crisp and brown ;  
Yet they may stand till winter's gone—  
I cannot cut them down !

I've not the heart to cut them down !

For during summer's heat,  
While pent within the sultry town,  
They sprang up round my feet :  
They look'd up in my face and smiled,  
And comforted my soul,  
So that I, like a chasten'd child,  
Endured my daily dole.

56 I'VE NOT THE HEART TO CUT THEM DOWN.

---

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
They were my garden's pride,  
And when the buds were fully blown  
Their fragrance wander'd wide,  
And freely enter'd at my door  
Below, around, above,  
Till from the ceiling to the floor  
The house was sweet with love!

I've not the heart to cut them down!  
It may be they will fall  
When Winter casts his heavy crown  
Of snow upon them all:  
Yet if they stand till Spring shall lay  
Her blessing on the earth,  
I'll gently bear the dead away,  
While kindred flowers have birth!



## Prayer for Rain.

---

IF the blue skies serenely shone for aye,  
And clouds wept not, but like the fleecy feather  
Sail'd lightly on the air,—and night and day  
Evinced the same stability of weather,—  
How soon were earth enrobed in mourning weeds!  
The springs would fail,—the rivulets run dry,—  
The panting herds would seek the river reeds,  
And every weak and tender thing would die.  
Nor rain nor dew the grass and flowers to feed,  
Deep desolation tyrant-like would reign;  
To dust his breath would turn the wither'd plain;  
And man, the heir of misery indeed,  
Might lift his hand, and to his Maker pray;  
And words like these, perchance, his quivering lips  
would say:

O gracious Father! send us showers,  
The gentle showers of rain,  
To cheer the corn, the grass, the flowers,  
On mountain-side and plain.

Command the pregnant clouds to rise  
And veil the fiery sun,  
While from the fountains of the skies  
The streams of blessing run.

O gracious Father! send us showers;  
The cattle mutely stand  
Amid the scorch'd and wither'd bowers,—  
Have mercy on our land!  
The spider's web is on the mead,  
The worm consumes the leaf;  
And all thy works before Thee plead  
The silent plea of grief.

O gracious Father! send us showers;  
Regard our earnest cries;  
But meek submission still be ours  
While our petitions rise.  
To Thee each living thing looks up;  
Thou mad'st—thou'lt not destroy:  
The overflow of mercy's cup  
Shall wake creation's joy.



## A Colloquy with my Pen.

---

O SILENT solace of my lonely time,  
Beloved pen! why so reserved of late?  
Hast thou renounced all fellowship with rhyme,  
And grown at once both rusty and sedate?  
Art thou a-weary with thy journeyings o'er  
The paper plain, and wilt thou go no more?  
Or is thy jetty fluid all expended;  
The standish dry?—or hast thou lost the art  
Of limning well the passions of the heart?  
Or art thou, like a touchy thing, offended  
Because thou hast so long time been untended?  
Do tell what is the matter; let me know  
Why is't, my friend, that thou behavest so,  
And all thy grievances shall soon be ended.

Stoutly the pen replied: "Good master mine!  
Thy willing servant 'tis my pride to be:  
Why chide me when the blame is only thine?  
But seldom lately dost thou fondle me;

Seldom dost thou, with mild and musing air,  
Doze dreamingly on thy accustom'd chair;

To spread the sheet but seldom dost thou come,  
And in thy former firm, affectionate way,

Embrace me 'tween thy finger and thy thumb,  
To note thy flitting thought. Wo worth the day

When I no more may share thy fond regard!  
Who'd wish to live when he no more is prized?

My throat is dry—my frame is oxidized;

Indeed, good sir, you use me very hard!"

Nay, faithful pen! somewhat have I to say

In my behalf. Mine is a busy life;  
And man, remember, is a pipe of clay,

And often breaks while hardening in the strife  
And fiery fury of this world's red oven,

And needs a time for soldering and cooling—  
An idling-time, though he be not a sloven,

To mend his ways, and cease from self-befooling.  
Then too remember, pen! the summer weather,  
When every thing seem'd doom'd to melt together.

The mind, besides, may have its wintry season,  
When feeling flags, and all the mental sap

Runs down into the root, and rhyme and reason  
And thought and fancy take a quiet nap.

Remember further, pen! I'm growing older,  
And lazier too, perchance, in my estate;  
Or it may be, too much is on my shoulder,  
And I bow down a little 'neath the weight;  
Or I may think my wit has lost its salt,  
If ever truly thus 'twas impregnate;  
Or I may murmur at the poet's fate,  
E'en though he be the sinner chief in fault:—  
Be *what* the cause, say not I love thee less,  
Nor chide me that I love thee not the more;  
Some days like early ones may be in store,  
When I again thy polish'd form shall press,  
And I create, and thou daguerreotype  
The thinkings of my mind in every shade and stripe.



## A Spring Sonnet.

---

THE maiden-hearted spring has come. The weeping  
And smiling skies alternate o'er us reign;  
The grass is springing verdant on the plain,  
And little germs that long time have been sleeping  
Beneath the sod are timidly up-peeping;  
Sweet buds and blossoms thick are putting forth,  
As if in confidence of Heaven's sure keeping,  
And fearless of the threatenings of the north.  
The flowers will soon be here, and bees will come;  
The notes of spring and summer birds will ring,  
And winds, and brooks, and birds in concert sing,  
And make the human soul leap up in gladness,  
Save the sad hearts who, in their des'late home,  
Do weep the loved and lost, though not in hopeless  
sadness.

## The Angel in a Maiden's Eyes.

---

ONCE methought I saw an angel  
Smiling in a maiden's eyes,  
And my heart was captive taken,  
Like a city by surprise.

Then it seem'd another angel,  
Springing upward from my heart,  
From mine eyes look'd on the other,  
And beheld its counterpart.

At the moment of the greeting,  
From her lips no whisper fell;  
And before her I was silent,  
Rapt in a delicious spell.

Love, awaking in my bosom—  
Love of pure impulses born—  
Lighted up my happy pathway,  
Like a sun of summer morn.

Mark'd for mine the gentle maiden  
With the angel in her eyes,  
Years ago we link'd our fortunes  
By indissoluble ties.



## The Dear One at Home.

---

OFT as I wander in fashion's crowded way,  
What numbers I see of the beautiful and gay!  
With gold and with diamonds resplendent though  
they be,  
There's a dear one at home more beautiful to me.

Graceful as antelopes, and rouged with cunning  
skill,  
A glance from their eyelids has potency to kill;  
Their tones are as soft as the buzzing of a bee,  
Yet a dear one at home is more beautiful to me.

Proudly their carriages roll along the street,  
With coachman and footman and livery complete;  
The fair ones within them may frown disdainfully—  
The dear one at home is beautiful to me.

They dwell in palaces, and mine's a lowlier lot;  
But grandeur and palaces my soul will covet not,  
If only at eventide I hear the melody  
Of the dear one at home, so beautiful to me.

Our fireside has prattlers, whose laughing eyes  
are set  
As brightly as diamonds within a violet;  
And when, light as fairies, they spring upon my  
knee,  
I love more the dear one so beautiful to me.

When I am weary and faint and overfraught,  
I think of my home, and am happy in my thought;  
The weight of my burden reminds me lovingly,  
There's a dear one at home to lighten it to me.



## The Home of the Helpless.

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE BLOCKLEY ALMSHOUSE.

HUMANITY in its despised conditions,

Ye tender ones whose hands are soft as down,  
Is oft too touching in its exhibitions  
To wake a dainty or un pitying frown.

For here, apart from all the self-relying,

The spirit-broken desolate abide:  
Dead souls, ambitionless and unreplying,  
Their hopes long buried in the grave with pride.

And here are those by food and shelter cherish'd,

And clad in clothing that is not their own,  
Who on life's highway else outright had perish'd,  
Or stagger'd on with many an inward groan.

Here, too, are those whose minds are gone demented,

Served tenderly and nursed with healing care;

Their shrewdest cunning wisely circumvented  
Till reason sits in her accustom'd chair.

Small children, on the shore of life's deep ocean,  
Like waifs pick'd up by charitable hands,  
Are nurtured here with woman's own devotion,  
And bound in virtue's time-enduring bands.

A refuge-place for Penury's sons and daughters,  
Where they may ease its bitterness and smart;  
Bethesda's pool, where angels stir the waters,  
And proffer healing for the bleeding heart.

Thanks be to God, the wretched may be tended,  
Although his kinsmen all be far away:  
Thanks to His name, the orphan is befriended  
When father, mother sleep beneath the clay.

Thanks be to God, that Christian love prevaieth  
Against the sin and selfishness of earth:  
Thanks to His name that charity ne'er faileth,  
But now, as ever, shows its heavenly birth.



## A Country Sabbath.

---

### Morning Scene.

THE frost in its beauty lies over the meadows,  
Like down newly shaken from winter's young  
wing;

The sun is ascending, and skeleton shadows  
The trees in their nakedness pensively fling.

The morning is silent, save when the brook's flowing  
Awakens a music like silvery bells,  
Or where the cock's crowing, or gentle kine's  
lowing,  
Of home and its treasures of charity tells.

The smoke from the homestead, one wreath on  
another,  
Like incense arises from piety's hearth,  
Where father and mother, and sister and brother  
In harmony worship the Lord of the earth.

The sun lights the vane of a far-away steeple,  
The sound of a bell is borne faintly along,  
And staidly and peacefully gather the people,  
To join in the prayer and awaken the song.

The calm of devotion refreshes the spirit,  
The soul is set down to a banquet of bliss;  
The ministering angel must surely be near it,  
For earth can provide no enjoyment like this.

---

*Evening Scene.*

THE day is departing—the shadows are denser;  
The shrilly-voiced cock and the cattle are still;  
The cold of the north becomes keen and intenser,  
And freezes to silence the tongue of the rill.

The arch of the heavens is glowing with glory,  
For diamond-lit lanterns, by angels outhung,  
Swing over the earth, and a marvellous story  
(While man is unconscious) by seraphs is sung.

The darkness of night like a mantle is lying  
On the children of joy and the children of sorrow,  
Who, while the still moments unheeded are flying,  
Lie down in the hope of a better to-morrow.

When the locks of old age shall fall down on my  
shoulder,  
If the wisdom of Heaven so lengthen my time,  
Oh may I present to the youthful beholder  
A vision as peaceful—an end as sublime !



## The Hat.

---

A HAT's the dome, the steeple-top of thought—  
The attic room, the cockloft of the head—  
The hive where fancy's honey-bees are caught,  
Which, else, beyond the memory's reach had fled.  
A hat, well-brush'd, 's a cap-stone to the man ;  
Corinthian column he, with cap to match—  
A column it were poetry to scan,  
And with a glance its fine proportions catch.—  
A crownless hat lacks poetry ; and he  
(Whoe'er the miserable man may be)  
Whose tangled hair stands peering through the crown,  
Far from the graces quite hath tumbled down :  
Sans hat, sans coat, sans character, sans all—  
Who thus hath fallen, how piteous is his fall !

## Good-Night Wishes.

---

A BLESSING on my babes to-night,  
A blessing on their mother;  
A blessing on my kinsmen light,  
Each loving friend and brother.

A blessing on the toiler rest;  
The over-worn and weary;  
The desolate and comfortless,  
To whom the earth is dreary.

A blessing on the child to-night;  
A blessing on the hoary;  
The maiden clad in beauty bright,  
The young man in his glory.

A blessing on my fellow-race,  
Of every clime and nation:  
May they partake His saving grace  
Who died for our salvation.

If any man have wrought me wrong,  
Still blessings be upon him;  
May I in love to him be strong,  
Till charity have won him.

Thy blessings on me, from of old,  
My God! I cannot number;  
I wrap me in their ample fold,  
And sink in trustful slumber.



## Ascent of St. Anthony's Nose.

---

WE climb'd St. Anthony's Nose;  
Its sides were powder'd with snows,  
Yet up to the summit we rose  
By favour of fingers and toes.

The labour was toilsome and long  
Our wills were sturdy and strong,  
Each sinew was tough as a thong,  
And our spirits were light as a song.

The track of the rabbit was there,  
And the path of the fox to his lair;  
And prints—perhaps of a bear—  
Admonish'd us "Boys, have a care!"

The partridges rose with a whirr,  
And many a quail did we stir;  
We harmless and weaponless were,  
And harm'd not their feathers and fur.

As cliff after cliff we attain'd, .  
A cliff still higher remain'd;  
Our strength more sternly we strain'd,  
For a failure we proudly disdain'd.

So upward and onward we went,  
And—ere we were totally spent—  
Accomplish'd our purposed intent,  
And stood on the topmost ascent.

We witness'd the Hudson below,  
Roll on with its glorious flow,  
While Lilliput vessels did go  
With Lilliput men to and fro.

To see what more we might spy,  
We climb'd an oaken tree nigh;  
But mountains and river and sky  
Outran the reach of the eye

We roll'd some rocks down the hill  
Along the bed of a rill;  
They went with a rush and a will—  
I hear them, I fancy me, still.

Majestic each awful rebound,  
As the rocks whirl'd madly around,  
And frequent their clattering sound  
Came up from the solemn profound.

The days of boyhood and youth—  
Ere we'd an aching eye-tooth,  
When fun was mingled with ruth—  
Seem'd present in primitive truth.

So much delight did we sip,  
Our joy ran over the lip,  
As drops from a bucket will drip  
That late in the well had a dip.

But feeding on ideal food  
Can do the stomach no good;  
We soon got over that mood,  
And a course descending pursued.

A bright look-out did we keep  
As we slid each threatening steep;  
And now did we warily creep,  
And then took a slide and a leap.

We'd done all we had design'd  
The day before in our mind,  
And now, as our hunger inclined,  
We went to the village and dined.

If, at some notable time,  
The Swiss Jungfrau we should climb,  
I'll tell it in verse more sublime,  
Though not in a livelier rhyme.



## New Year's Eve in a Fog on the Hudson.

---

WE pass'd the night at Yonkers;  
The fog above—the fog below  
Had made it quite unsafe to go  
A-steaming down the river.  
The captain wouldn't—  
Couldn't—shouldn't  
Peril lives  
Of maidens, wives  
And husbands, brothers,  
Fathers, mothers—  
No wonder he did shiver.  
So there we lay  
Half on our way,  
Yet not a soul was fain to stay.  
The darkness horrid  
Deeply loom'd;  
And aft and for'ard  
Were entomb'd.  
The drizzly drops around us fell,  
The essence of the fog distill'd;

Our bosom's anguish who can tell,  
With hope of home so rudely chill'd?  
And there we sate  
In silent state,  
And like the kine did ruminate.  
Without debate  
The joy was great—  
When tea-time came—to masticate.  
It hath been never  
That a man could eat for ever;  
And soon the tea  
Was no more 'mong the things that be.  
Some did this, and some did that—  
Some were silent—some did chat;  
Some frown'd, and others loudly laugh'd  
As if a cup of fun they'd quaff'd;  
When, lo! a silent gathering—  
A preacher rose to pray:  
And when he'd said his solemn say,  
Then we began to sing,  
To "Auld Lang Syne,"  
"When I can read my title clear."  
And oh! it made this heart of mine  
Dance lightly as a mountain deer  
When summer mornings shine.

Though we were met as strangers there,  
We own'd our brotherhood;  
And, joining in the social prayer,  
Before our Father stood.  
I felt assured the Father's eye  
Look'd kindly on that company.

The Old Year now was wellnigh gone—  
The remnant sands were falling,  
When suddenly there broke upon  
Our ears the din of brawling.  
Some rowdies bound for Gotham city,  
Thus prison'd on the route,  
Obtuse to gentleness or pity,  
Got huge horse-fiddles out:  
They rang a bell,  
And sprang the rattle  
With many a yell  
As if of battle:  
And though no human lost his life,  
Yet "sleep was murder'd" in the strife.  
Quietly, quietly,  
Snug in a corner,  
Sat a small company,  
Fearing no evil and heeding no scorner.

Tired of singing,  
Sleep her sweet poppies upon them was flinging;  
But scarce had an eyelid  
Reposed on its fellow,  
Ere sleep ran off frighten'd  
As the wild bellow  
And shout of the b'hoys  
Astounded the Highlands with thundering noise.  
No rest was there to be found  
For the drowsy head;  
The noise of the riotous drown'd  
(It truly were said)  
The snore of the sleeper, and woke him outright,  
As mad as a bull and ready for fight.  
So, groaning, aching,  
Chilly, shaking,  
Stretching, yawning,  
We awaited morning's dawning.  
Wo-begone and vigil-worn,  
Every human  
Man and woman  
Grew dishearten'd and forlorn.  
Oh, how dreary  
Sad and weary  
Was that night at Yonkers!

## To a Troublesome Fly.

---

WHAT! here again, indomitable pest!

Thou plagu'st me like a supernatural sprite;

Thou makest me the butt of all thy spite,  
And bitest me, and buzgest as in jest.

Ten times I've closed my heavy lids in vain  
This early morn to court an hour of sleep;  
For thou—tormentor!—constantly dost keep

Thy whizzing tones resounding through my brain,  
Or lightest on my sensitive nose, and there  
Thou trimm'st thy wings and shak'st thy legs of hair:

Ten times I've raised my hand in haste to smite,  
But thou art off; and ere I lay my head  
And fold mine arms in quiet on my bed,

Thou com'st again—I feel thy buzzing bite.

As Uncle Toby says, "The world is wide

Enough for thee and me." Then go, I pray,

And through this world do take some other way,  
And let us travel no more side by side.

Go—live among the flowers—go anywhere;  
Or to the empty sugar-hogshead go,  
That standeth at the grocer's store below;

Go suit thy taste with any thing that's there.  
There's his molasses-measure; there's his cheese,  
And ham and herring:—What! will nothing please?

Presumptuous imp! then die!—But no! I'll smite  
Thee not; for thou, perchance, art young in days,  
And rather green as yet in this world's ways;  
So live and suffer—age may set thee right.



## Posthumous Fame.

---

DEATH sanctifies the poet. While he lives,  
Men seem to think he is an idler here;  
And cold and heartless often is the cheer  
The world to him in wanton measure gives.  
Perhaps he asks too much when he has sung  
A lay that long shall humanize his race;  
For him—a mortal with an angel's tongue—  
Perchance the earth has no befitting place;  
Perchance too soon he lives—perchance too late;  
Or he is poor, or lacks a family name  
Renown'd for glory or renown'd for shame;  
Perchance—too great to murmur at his fate—  
He toils, and dies a toiler at the oar:—  
Then men remember him, and his sad fate deplore.

## My Nephew Frank Tourtelot.

---

THE grave is very deep—  
The grave is very cold,  
To lay a baby in, to sleep,  
When scarce a twelvemonth old—  
An infant who was wont to rest  
Close nestled to his mother's breast.

'Tis scarce a sin to heave  
Affection's natural sigh,  
That God has bidden us to leave  
The child alone to lie—  
The gentle-minded little one—  
The first, the last, the only son.

We lay him here in hope,  
To wait the coming day,  
When God shall call a cherub up  
From this unconscious clay;  
We shall behold him glorified—  
This lamb for whom a Saviour died.

## To a Friend,

On the Death of his Daughter, SALLY SUMMERS, December 9, 1851.

---

HAS death, my gentle brother, pluck'd a bud—  
A precious bud—from thy sweet tree of love?  
And did the depths of thy fond nature move,  
Until thine eye pour'd forth a scalding flood?  
If it were so, I could not blame thy grief;  
But I would sit beside thee in thy wo,  
And bid my tears to thine responsive flow,  
Till He who smote should bring thy soul relief:  
My tongue would words of consolation say,  
And lead thy thoughts from this sad world away;  
And tell thee of the land beyond the tomb,  
The gardens beautiful, where Jesus' hands  
Have planted thy sweet bud, to grow and bloom,  
And gladden thee and thine, while heaven eternal  
stands.

## Mary's Hollow.

---

A SHADY dell beside the road,  
Sequester'd, cool, and grassy :  
A pleasant brook anear it flow'd,  
Its current pure and glassy.

And Mary's home was on the hill,  
Up in the farm-house yonder :  
But in the dell so cool and still  
It was her wont to wander.

Her father's sheep the tender maid  
Her steps had taught to follow,  
And friskful lambs around her play'd  
Down in the grassy hollow.

And there she sat on summer days,  
Her nimble fingers flitting,  
Through many an intertwisting maze  
In curious arts of knitting.

And there she sang some simple song  
Or hymn learn'd from her mother :  
The hours to her were never long—  
Each moment chased the other.

A native quietude of mien  
So graciously became her,  
The maidens on the village-green  
With honour loved to name her.

The quiet meekness of her brow  
Awoke no special wonder—  
Though like a brook beneath the snow,  
A stream of thought ran under.

And oftentimes a sudden smile  
Her countenance stole over,  
As flitting sunbeams dance the while  
O'er fields of blooming clover.

The very angel of her hearth,  
Her mother's hand caress'd her :  
She changed her father's care to mirth,  
And silently he bless'd her.

On Sunday in the village choir,  
Her pure, sweet voice, outpealing,  
Struck up in listening hearts the fire  
Of deep and holy feeling.

When sorrow's burden fell upon  
Some soul too weak to bear it,  
She bent her willing shoulder down  
And kindly sought to share it.

The great wide world was all astir  
And heaved in toppling billows;  
But all was calm as heaven to her  
Beneath her drooping willows.

As life ran on with silent pace,  
Her meek and pious spirit  
Grew meeter for the holy place  
The pure in heart inherit.

And when the leaves were turning red,  
And autumn winds were sweeping,  
Sweet Mary with the early dead  
Beneath the grass was sleeping.

---

The neighbours, still, who pass that way  
Where Mary's sheep did follow,  
Remember her; and to this day  
They call it Mary's Hollow.



## Joseph C. Neal.

---

How fast the living fade away around us !

Some in the Spring, and in the Summer others—  
Autumn and Winter smite our human brothers,  
And snap the tendrils that to them had bound us.

It seems but yesterday I saw his face;  
And now I sit in silence and alone,  
And ask in doubt, "And is he surely gone,  
And pass'd to his eternal dwelling-place?"  
Fallen in his prime, like an unwither'd leaf,  
The pen is poor to phrase our speechless grief.

Of gifted mind and gentle in his spirit,  
And kind and tender as a very dove,  
And fill'd with an exuberance of love,  
A long remembrance richly doth he merit.

“He will not again forget us.”

*Neal's Gazette.*

---

THAT phrase I cannot help but feel,  
Unless my heart be made of steel :  
Forget mine ancient friend—my Neal!

“Nevermore !”

As said the raven  
To the trembling, timid, craven  
Lover of the maid Lenore,—

“Nevermore !”

How many pleasant memories—  
And mournful ones as well—  
(These to sadden—those to please)—

Are treasured in the cell  
Within my mind wherein I store  
Memorials of the days of yore,—

How many such  
But need a touch  
To break their gentle slumber;

And up they start  
Around the heart  
A host without a number.   ●

Forget! forget!  
Nay, never yet  
Have Lethe's waves my memory met;  
And far away  
May be the day  
When, to "forgetfulness a prey,"  
My mental ear  
No more shall hear  
Dead voices speak that once were dear.

Some days of darkness have been mine,  
When hope had nearly ceased to shine;  
And I have lain  
In inward pain  
Amid the blackness round me.  
Yet even then  
Light came again,  
And God's rich mercy found me,  
No! I would not  
Consent to blot  
Such times from recollection,

For now they bring  
No barbèd sting,  
But quicken my affection;  
And they fill up  
Anew the cup  
That cures the soul's dejection.

Nor is it needful to forget  
The sins and follies we regret;  
They well may stand,  
And mark the shoal  
Where once the soul  
Was like to strand.

The memory of our errors past  
A shade upon our path may cast;  
But if it lead us to abhor  
The thing that grimed our soul before,—  
And turn our face  
To Heaven for grace  
To do the evil deed no more,—  
Then it were fitting that the sprite  
Anon should dimly meet our sight;  
And wiser, better beings we  
Perchance were for his company.

Forget a friend whose hand I've held,  
Who sleepeth still and low,  
The tumult of life's battle quell'd?—  
No! never—never! no!



## The River of Rhyme.

---

OH for a spell of the former time,  
When I dwelt beside the river of rhyme,  
And the frequent thought would over me steal,  
"Shall I dip a bowl of its waters for Neal?"

To the margin I skipp'd,

(I was younger then,)

By a sleight of the pen

The vessel was dipp'd ;

And I drank myself, and I found the bowl

Was a pleasant draught for a thirsty soul ;

And when I held it to Joseph to drink,

He look'd at me with a friendly wink,

And said it was good, and wish'd for more

Of the waters that flow'd a-past my door.

So many a time I sent him a can :

"He loved it," he said—and I loved the man,

And I was glad to give him a pleasure

As big as the span of my mind could measure ;

Until the day  
When he was call'd from the world away,  
And round his clay  
The friends who loved him silently wept.  
A chord in my bosom suddenly snapt,  
And I, in indolence wrapt,  
Left my mansion untended, unkept,  
Till it were nigh to decay.  
Though it be now refurnish'd and swept,  
Yet there too seldom I stay:  
But still I love to think of the time  
When I dwelt beside the river of rhyme,  
Where a tide of music flow'd ever along,  
And every breeze was the birth of a song.



## The Beautiful Days of Spring.

---

THE cold and rugged weather stripp'd the trees,  
And made them very desolate. 'Twas not  
A single frosty, biting autumn-breeze  
That tore the leaves from their first nestling-spot.  
The winds unkindly came day after day,  
And smote the gentle things. They stood the  
blast  
Awhile, and then began to shrivel fast,  
Till utterly their life had died away.  
The rage of winter having pass'd, the year  
Put on a milder face. The sun broke forth  
And dallied with the balmy atmosphere,  
And shone so smilingly, the frigid north  
Call'd back its murky clouds, and all around  
The timorous plants came peeping through the  
ground.

The melancholy trees revived again ;

On every bough the budding leaves appear'd ;  
And earth grew lovelier in the sight of men,  
And many a heart with hopeful thought was  
cheer'd :

For sadness with the winter died away,  
And spring gave promise of a better day.

The birds came trustingly and lived among us,  
And sweet-lipp'd flowers on morning breezes flung us  
A perfume delicate ; and every field,  
Though simply clad in garniture of green,  
The beauteous handiwork of God reveal'd.  
How great the lesson taught by such a scene,—  
That sunny looks and kindly actions e'er  
Cause love to flourish fragrantly and fair.



## The Decaying Homestead.

---

A PENSIVENESS of feeling  
Unbiddenly comes stealing  
    Over me  
    When I see  
An old house going  
    To decay,—  
The wild grass growing  
    In the way—  
The window-shutters hanging  
    Half awry,  
Now creaking and now banging  
When the gale sweeps by,—  
    The shatter'd panes  
Bespatter'd by the rains—  
    The empty rooms  
As silent as the tombs—

The dusty floor—  
The spider weaving in the door—  
The awfulness of desolation  
Pervading the habitation,—  
While all things wear  
A comfortless, unwelcome air.

The family gathering no more is there,  
Cheerful and calm ;  
No morning prayer  
Nor evening psalm :  
No joyous maiden's voice is heard  
Outcarolling the mocking-bird—  
No children's laugh ;—  
No old man leaning on his staff,  
Nor matron there is seen  
Before the door at eventide serene.  
No neighbours come to chat  
Of this and that,  
And for old friendship's sake,  
The Souchong cup partake.  
But silence and desolation  
Pervade the habitation,  
And all things wear  
A comfortless, unfriendly air.

Where is the human band  
That here abode?  
Have all departed to the land  
Whose only road  
Is through death's dim domain?  
Vain the inquiry—vain!  
There is not one to tell  
How the old family fell:  
Pass'd out of mind—  
Forgotten quite—  
The record left behind  
Is blank as night.  
Gone to a world afar,  
Perchance on high  
From some resplendent star  
They turn a wondering eye  
To their old home below,  
And love Him with intenser love  
Who beckon'd them from wo  
To an immortal home above,  
Where holy exultation  
Pervades their habitation,  
And all things wear  
A heavenly and glorious air.

## Whistling.

---

NEGROES and boys may whistle in the street,—  
The boys because they're void of better sense,  
And Afric's sons because kind Providence  
Has gifted them with whistling pipes complete,  
For oft they make a music rather sweet.  
(Indeed, I listen with a sort of pleasure  
When they perform in harmony and measure,  
And beat the time with swiftly-moving feet.)  
And even men may whistle when they hear  
A tale that's somewhat marvellous and tough :  
In case like this it may be well enough  
To make their incredulity appear ;  
Yet still I think most sensible men with me  
That whistling is a bore will heartily agree.

At times when I have languidly reclined  
In musing silence, waiting for the birds  
Of fancy to descend upon the mind,  
And sing to me the sweet poetic words

That people love,—when all the town was still  
Save the low, murmuring, human hum that rose,  
Like mutter'd moanings from the lips of those  
Who form the grist of death's e'er-going mill,—  
Some glib performer with his music shrill  
Has made my fancies take a hasty flight,  
And, like the north wind of a winter night,  
Has through my bosom sent a sudden chill.  
Despairingly, I've put my pen aside,  
And to my pillow pensively have hied.



## The Falling House.

---

Who dwells within this mansion hoary,  
Crumbling, tottering, soon to fall—  
The tokens of whose former glory  
Linger faintly on the wall?

The windows, dark and stain'd and dusty,  
Dimly light the inner room;  
The hinges of thy limbs are rusty,  
Lonely sitter in the gloom!

Is there no voice in thee abiding—  
Accent tremulous or strong—  
To tell the passer-by some tiding  
As he wanders here along?

The watcher at thy gate of hearing,  
Dull and drowsy, heeds no sound,  
The outer world to him appearing  
Silent as a burial-ground.

Oh! why art thou so unreplying,  
Inmate of this ruin gray?  
Alas! I speak but to the dying;  
Lo! the soul has pass'd away!

Deserted, dark, disfurnish'd dwelling,  
Empty utterly and riven,  
Thy lifelong tenant now is swelling  
Psalms and hymns and songs in heaven.

And thou, in beautiful expansion  
Built again, no more to fall,  
Shalt be the soul's immortal mansion  
Who here tenanted thy hall.



## The Latest Born.

---

A MERRY babe and beautiful is this our latest born !  
Her cheek is soft as silky threads that overlay the  
corn ;

Her eye is like a tiny spot of heaven's serenest blue  
Imbedded in the snowy clouds, with starlight flash-  
ing through.

Her voice is but a little voice, and yet it enters in  
My bosom with a welcome that a monarch could  
not win ;

I love the rill that down the hill comes dancing with  
a song,

But more I love her liquid notes that trickle all day  
long.

Her hair is not a silver white, nor yet of golden hue,  
But of a colour cunningly compounded of the two ;  
'Tis not a flimsy gossamer that glistens in the sun,  
But like the richer fabric from the multicaulis spun.

With mother-love and patient skill, there's one who  
    strives to teach  
Her guileless tongue the simple sounds that form  
    our human speech;  
She looks up in her mother's face, as if in wonder  
    why  
Her lip should speak the tender things once spoken  
    by the eye.

'Tis but a year and seven months she's dwelt among  
    us here,  
And yet has she become to us an object passing  
    dear;  
'Tis wondrous that a love so young should twine  
    its tendrils so.  
As make us fear our hearts would tear before they'd  
    let it go.

She enters on the race of life with tottering steps  
    and slow,  
And often trips upon the floor from overhaste to go:  
Thus infancy has ups and downs as well as graver  
    years,  
But bears them with a lighter heart, if not with  
    fewer tears.

A thousand mothers in our land may fold within  
their arms

A babe as beautiful as this, or sweeter in its  
charms:

The blessing of our loving Lord be on these bosom-  
flowers;

And may their bliss in them be such as we have  
found in ours!



## The Burial of the Beautiful.

---

ROBE the beautiful for the tomb—

We may no longer stay her;  
She has pass'd away in virgin bloom,  
In vestal white array her.

One single auburn tress we crave  
Before her face ye cover;  
Why should the cold and grasping grave  
Take all from those who love her?

Bear the beautiful to the tomb  
While yet the sun is shining,  
Ere the shadows and evening gloom  
Denote the day's declining.  
Bear her softly and slowly on—  
Disturb no placid feature;  
Deep the sleep she's fallen upon,  
The last of a mortal creature.

Lay the beautiful in the tomb;  
Beneath the weeping willow  
Let the maiden have sleeping room,  
And softly spread her pillow.  
Angels hasten from realms of bliss,  
Their watch above her keeping:  
Dear to the heart of the holy is  
The place where she is sleeping.

Leave the beautiful in the tomb;  
There may be others fairer;  
Haughtier heads may wave a plume  
With glory to the wearer;  
But so beautiful and so good  
—Think they who dearly held her—  
Earth in its loveliest sisterhood  
May never have excell'd her.



## Memories of Mother.

---

My mother! would thou wert alive,  
As I remember thee—  
When long ago I knelt to pray  
“Our Father” at thy knee.

Oh! very beautiful wert thou—  
Thine eye so clear and bright—  
Thy cheek that never lost its hue—  
Thy brow so purely white!

But not on thy sweet comeliness  
My thoughts most love to dwell;  
A thousand holier memories rise,  
And make my bosom swell:

Thy calm, confiding trust in God—  
Thy charitable ways—  
Thy wonted place, where angels said,  
“Behold, a sister prays!”

The tender, careful watchfulness  
Thy love around us kept;  
Thy gentle oversight at night,  
While we securely slept.

How thy least deed of love still lives  
Through the long lapse of years,  
And strikes the rock in manhood's heart,  
And draws the gushing tears!

I would not rob from heaven; yet I  
Could wish thee still with me,  
To bless me with thy smile again,  
As I remember thee.



## Life's Evening.

---

THE world to me is growing gray and old;  
My friends are dropping one by one away;  
Some live in far-off lands—some in the clay  
Rest quietly, their mortal moments told.  
My sire departed ere his locks were gray;  
My mother wept, and soon beside him lay;  
My elder kin have long since gone—and I  
Am left—a leaf upon an autumn tree,  
Among whose branches chilling breezes steal,  
The sure precursors of the winter nigh;  
And when my offspring at our altar kneel  
To worship God, and sing our morning psalm,  
Their rising stature whispers unto me  
My life is gently waning to its evening calm.

## The Tea-Table.

---

How beautiful the sight!—the tidy table  
Set out for tea—the buckwheat cakes all smoking—  
The steaming urn—the watering mouth provoking;  
The girls and boys, with eating powers able,  
Awaiting father's grace ere they begin  
To lay a store of mother's good things in.  
The knife and spoon they ply with artless grace:  
To chide their eager haste, the mother cries  
In gentle tones, and warns them that "their eyes  
Are bigger than their stomachs." Every face  
Grows big with wonder as to what she means.—  
The tea-time o'er, the children say their prayers,  
And go to bed, and sleep devoid of cares.  
Would that our land were studded with such  
scenes!

## The City Belle beside the Brook.

---

A PENSIVE belle beside the brook—

Her tears are falling in its waters:

“Ah! why thy sad and piteous look,  
Thou favour'd one of Fortune's daughters?”

“The world has snared me in its net,  
And holds me captive to its fashions,—  
My nature's better motions met  
And strangled by imperious passions.

“Upbubbling from its hidden store,  
This brook flows on, a blessing-giver,  
That while it gives, yet getteth more,  
Till it becomes a mighty river:

“And so moves onward to its goal,  
And ever with a grander motion,  
And pours the fulness of its soul  
Into the everlasting ocean.

“But idly steals my life apace—  
 Unlike the brook, so vain and aimless—  
 I fear, when I behold his face,  
 Its Giver will not hold me blameless.”

“’Tis well to shed such wholesome tears,  
 O maiden mazed in fashion’s folly;  
 If wisdom crown thy coming years,  
 Then bless thy mood of melancholy.

“Thy voice is softly tuned and clear,  
 As if thou wert a mortal angel;  
 Go thou, and be to misery’s ear  
 A comforter and blest evangel.

“Thy hands are pure as falling snow,  
 Thy graceful fingers soft and slender:  
 Smooth thou the sufferer’s pallid brow,  
 And pain shall flee a touch so tender.

“From his high throne the Son of God  
 Came to ‘bind up the broken-hearted;’  
 Then let thy feet with love be shod  
 To seek and save the hope-departed.

“From thy full store replenish thou  
The cheerless hearth—the empty basket;  
Hold not thy help from heads that bow,  
Though natural pride refrain to ask it.

“Nor hope in thy mere strength to stand—  
Join faith with works in firm union;  
And stronger than a brazen band  
Thy soul shall be to work its mission.

“And so thy heart fulfilling well  
The end for which thy life is given,  
The dove of peace within shall dwell,  
And thou shalt have the joy of heaven.”



## The Poor Boy.

---

WHENE’ER I meet an orphan boy, I say  
Within my heart, “Lord! bless this desolate child,  
And be his guide in all his heavenward way:  
Oh, bid the winds to this lone one be mild,  
And burning suns to gently beam on him:  
Let lowering clouds make not his pathway dim;  
May stony ways be soft beneath his feet,  
And bitter waters to his taste be sweet!”  
A waif of heaven, cast upward by the sea  
On this drear shore, how pitiful his lot!  
—Nay! heavenly watchers bear him company,  
And help and cheer him, though we see them not;  
For God a Father sits upon the throne,—  
The poor and fatherless are specially his own.

## Autumnal Quiet.

---

THE beautiful repose of age  
Pervades the land to-day :  
The Autumn, like a reverend sage  
With years and labour gray,  
And pausing in his pilgrimage,  
Is resting by the way.

Or like a mother, meek of eye—  
Life's active duties o'er—  
Who, when the eventide is nigh,  
Sits calmly in the door,  
And ponders on the things gone by  
And days she knew of yore.

'Tis Nature's time of quietude  
Before the day of dread,  
When Winter in a wrathful mood  
O'er all the land shall tread ;

And leaves and flowers are thickly strew'd  
Along his pathway, dead.

What though no cheerful song of bird  
Nor insect's merry trill  
Among the barren boughs is heard,  
There's music round me still,  
What time these old brown leaves are stirr'd  
That wither on the hill.

The rivulets are musical,  
As hiddenly they flow  
Along their gravelly beds, or fall  
On mossy rocks below—  
And sweeter notes in cot or hall  
Are seldom heard, I trow.

I love the woods in autumn time,  
So quiet and so dim,  
When sighing winds evoke a chime  
From many a slender limb,  
Until it seems the note sublime  
Of some angelic hymn.

My soul would sit in silence here :  
Let no discordance jar  
The music-laden atmosphere  
Where heavenly singers are :  
This calm sweet Sabbath of the year  
'Twere wanton sin to mar.



## Hungary.

---

IF tears were medicine for wo,  
Then were it well to weep;  
For Hungary has fallen—fallen low  
Before her foe,  
And slavery's legions sweep  
Across the plains where Liberty descended.  
The unequal strife is ended;  
And man, oppress'd and foil'd, sinks down,  
Beneath the frown  
Of proud and cruel lords.  
The patriot swords,  
Drawn in defence of liberty and right,  
And gory with the blood of valorous fight,  
Lie in the dust,  
Discolour'd with the rust;  
The tyrant's steel  
Has touch'd a vital part—  
His heel  
Is set on Hungary's quivering heart.

Oh ! hapless land,  
Bestead by fire and brand !  
Her mothers and her maidens refuge seeking,  
Their garments reeking  
With blood from the accursed rod,  
That tears their flesh while they are shrieking  
In agony to God.  
The homes where hope had lighted  
Her promise-fires, are desolate and blighted ;  
The winds, melodious once with freedom's song,  
Groan with the piteous plaint of causeless wrong :  
The sunlight falls on blasted fields,  
Whose soil no recompense to reaper yields :  
The stars look tearfully on hopeless men  
Who have no heart to look on high again ;  
But stricken, humbled, broken, crush'd—  
The nobler voices of their being hush'd—  
They bear the heavy chain,  
Or gnaw in silence at its links in vain.

Shall it be ever so ?  
Heaven and earth together answer No !  
But, sure as the eternal heaven stands,  
The Lord will break the bands  
Wherewith the tyrants fetter Freedom's hands.

Freedom is but a little child of days,  
And yet a child immortal as the truth;  
When tyranny shall totter in its ways,  
That child shall show the lusty strength of youth;  
The rusty shackles from its limbs shall fall,  
And down to ocean's deepest depths shall go;  
The oppress'd in all the earth shall heed the call,  
And join the strife against the common foe.  
O day of glory and of triumph too!  
O wretched foes, accursed of God and man!  
Where will ye hide when heaven and earth pursue,  
And Truth and Freedom lead the battle-van?



## To My Boot.

---

MINE ancient pedal friend, a last farewell!

So many days we've footed it together

The lane of life, in fair and stormy weather.

Mine eyes wellnigh their lid-dikes overswell.

I well remember when thou didst encase

My nether limbs with pressure warm and tight;

And many a corny twinge from morn till night

Evinced the ardency of thine embrace.

Soon, like the love of some long-married wife,

Thy grasp, if not so strong, was still as true,

And pleasanter; and as we grew in life,

Thou wert as gentle as a pliant shoe;

And while on thee I trampled every day,

To shield me thou didst wear thy very sole away.

Though I despise the slander-monger's art,

And scorn the wretch who blackens the fair fame

Of one whose richest fortune is his name,

(The wretch whose steel goes deeper than the heart,)

Yet it has been my daily wont, I own,  
To black thy face until its skin has shone

With ebon glow, as lustrous as the hue  
That forms the charm of Guinea's native breed.

But 'twas not that I hated thee: indeed,

I prized thee so, that when thy sole broke through  
And let in water, 'twas my special heed

A man of awls thy gaping wounds should sew;  
And sundry pangs athwart my pocket shoot  
To part with thee at last, O worn and faithful boot!



## The Mother.

---

WHATEVER be the language of the skies,  
There is no fitting word that I can find  
To express the affection of a mother's mind  
When roguish smiles play in her infant's eyes.  
The cherub has a passport to her heart;  
A key that opens nature's fastest locks;  
A natural skill of witchery that mocks  
The wise professors of the potent art.  
Thanks be to Heaven that man is once a child—  
That once our nature wears the guise of all  
That's truthful, loving, loveable, and mild—  
That tones of childhood to our thoughts recall  
The rapturous times when in a fond embrace  
We clasp'd our mother's neck, and kiss'd her cheerful face.

## Human Porcupines.

---

SOME men are cruel in their nature—rough  
In mind and manner—burly sons of strife;  
So coarsely wrought of nature's coarsest stuff,  
With them there's nothing delicate in life.  
Were man a tree, they were the outer bark;  
Were man a wood, they were the brier-bush:  
But *now* they're snarling porcupines, that mark  
With scratches all who 'gainst their prickles push.  
They've little love for any living thing—  
Their hearts are barely big enough to hold  
Affection for themselves and for their gold—  
Perchance a little for their dog or mother,  
Which selfishness has not had time to smother—  
To all the world besides, they live alone to sting.

## Autumn Rhymes.

---

I'VE several times in vain essay'd to sing  
A simple song of Autumn. Other fingers  
Have oft and sweetly touch'd the tuneful string,  
And waked the pensiveness that life-long lingers  
In hearts of men, like some long-hallow'd story.  
I've seen the tender flowers grow pale and die,—  
The dry and wither'd leaves around me lie,—  
The sun go down in his peculiar glory,—  
The thrice-expanded moon come slowly up,  
And break a passage through the eastern vapours,—  
The pure, clear stars light up their little tapers  
And swing them out, each in a crystal cup,  
As if to lure the feet of mortals thither,  
The land of love, where hopes nor flowers wither.

And I have had within some partial movings  
Of spiritualness; some quickening of the feelings;  
Yet careless heed I've given to the reprovings  
Of nature in her many-voiced revealings.

The Autumn is a solemn missioner;

A preacher to the sons of men is she:  
And happy he who learns betimes of her

The wholesome truth of his mortality,  
And ponders well the fleetness of his days,  
And meekly walks in heavenly wisdom's ways.

The fading leaf's an eloquent text to man:  
"We all do fade, and wither as a leaf;"

And he who reaches life's extremest span  
Exclaims in sadness, "Ah! my days are brief!"



## When I am Old and Gray.

---

LIFE seems in youth a sunny vale  
Where streams of beauty flow,  
And birds are singing all the while,  
And flowers of pleasure grow:  
The very clouds that dot the sky  
• Add glory to the day;  
But will it seem so bright to me  
When I am old and gray?

I love the handiwork of God,  
For I behold in all  
The tokens of his grace and power,  
Pervading great and small.  
A sense of gladness fills my soul,  
While silently I pray  
I still may see him in his works  
When I am old and gray.

Will deep delight in rural scenes  
And rural works be mine—

The farmhouse, and the verdant mead,  
Where peaceful feed the kine?  
Will the old trees still look sublime?  
Will brooks still seem to play,  
And be as glad and frolicsome,  
When I am old and gray?

The gentle beings whom I love,  
Who love me full as well—  
The few and cherish'd friends whose hearts  
With warm emotions swell—  
Oh! will their love abide in strength  
When years have sped away?  
Will friends be true and kinsmen kind  
When I am old and gray?

Though flood and flame destroy my goods—  
Though weakness bow my frame—  
Though death remove each loving one  
Who bears on earth my name—  
My father's God, who hitherto  
Hast been my staff and stay,  
I know thou wilt forsake me not  
When I am old and gray!

## Penitential Prayer.

---

I DO acknowledge unto thee, O God!

A child of wilful waywardness I've been;

In crooked paths of selfishness and sin

These many years my wandering feet have trod.

But, oh! be merciful! The world I've loved

Like Sodom's fruit of bitterness has proved;

And I, repentant, bleeding at the heart,

Would find a Helper in this time of wo;

And, save to thee, I know not where to go

To find a balsam for my bosom's smart.

Be merciful, O God! Let Him atone

Who died for wretched men like me: no plea

My anguish knows but this last plea alone!

For His dear sake, my God! oh spare and pity me!

## The Soul's Refuge.

---

DRAW nigh to the Holy,  
Bend low at his throne;  
There, penitent lowly,  
Thy sinfulness own.  
There, there, if thou yearnest  
For pardon and rest,  
There, fervent and earnest,  
Prefer thy request.

Confess thy backsliding,  
Thy weakness and fears.  
In Jesus confiding,  
There pour out thy tears:  
Think not He will scorn thee,  
Though wretched thy case;  
His hand will adorn thee  
With garments of grace.

More precious than treasure,  
More vast than the sea,

His love has no measure  
Nor limit to thee.  
His easy yoke wearing,  
His pleasure abide;  
In all thy cross-bearing,  
He'll walk by thy side.

Fear not the wild clangour  
That Satan may raise,  
So God's righteous anger  
But pass from thy ways.  
Whom Christ has forgiven  
Goes safely along,  
Till in the high heaven  
He sings the new song.

Then kneel to the Holy,  
Bend low at his throne;  
There, penitent lowly,  
Thy sinfulness own:  
There, soul! if thou yearnest  
For pardon and rest,  
There, fervent and earnest,  
Prefer thy request.

## The Ninety-seventh Psalm Versified.

---

JEHOVAH reigns! Let earth rejoice;  
And let the multitude of isles  
Be glad, and sing with tuneful voice;  
And nature's face be clad in smiles.

Though clouds and darkness from afar  
Are round about his presence known,  
Yet righteousness and judgment are  
The habitation of his throne.

A fire before him goes, and burns  
His enemies on every side;  
His lightnings flash; and earth by turns  
Beholds and trembles in its pride.

The hills before his presence melt,  
Like wax before the furious flame;  
His presence by the earth is felt  
Who built her everlasting frame.

The heavens declare his righteousness—  
The people all his glory see;  
While they who serve the images,  
And boast in them, confounded be.

Then Zion heard, and she was glad;  
The daughters of Judea sang  
Rejoicingly, and through the land  
The praises of thy judgments rang.

For thou, O Lord! above the earth  
Art high; thou art exalted far  
Above the kings of mortal birth,  
Though lofty their aspirings are.

Hate evil, ye that love the Lord,  
For he preserves the saintly soul;  
And every danger he will ward,  
And save from wicked men's control.

On righteous men shall light arise,  
Like morning breaking o'er the hills;  
And hope shall kindle in their eyes,  
While holy mirth their bosom fills.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord !  
Give thanks before his presence now ;  
In memory of his faithful word  
And holiness, give thanks, and bow.



## Trust in God.

---

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."—*Psalms*.

---

THE billows round me rise and roll,  
The storms of worldly care  
Beat heavily upon my soul,  
And shroud me in despair:  
Forsaken, comfortless, betray'd,  
With none to succour me,—  
Father! what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in Thee!

As feeble as the bruised reed,  
Infirm to will or do;  
Oft working out the ungrateful deed  
'Twere better to eschew;  
How were the sinking soul dismay'd,  
But for this refuge-plea,—  
Father, what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in Thee!

When hope is faint, and faith is weak,  
And fears the bosom fill,  
And I a strong assurance seek  
That thou art gracious still;  
I rest upon thy promise-word,  
To thine own truth I flee:  
Father, what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in Thee!

When saintly paleness marks my face,  
And dimness fills mine eye,  
And, hoping only in thy grace,  
I bow my head to die;  
If, entering in the vale of shade,  
Nor sun nor star I see,  
Father, what time I am afraid,  
Then will I trust in Thee!



## Patient Continuance in Well-Doing.

---

BEAR the burden of the present—

Let the morrow bear its own;  
If the morning sky be pleasant,  
Why the coming night bemoan?

If the darken'd heavens lower,  
Wrap thy cloak around thy form;  
Though the tempest rise in power,  
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast faith and hope unshaken  
Animate the trusting breast;  
Step by step the journey's taken  
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh  
By the toiling servant's side;  
Comfortable words he talketh,  
While his hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow  
Rends thy breast to him unknown;  
He to-day and He to-morrow  
Grace sufficient gives his own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen—  
Long endurance wins the crown;  
When the evening shadows lengthen,  
Thou shalt lay the burden down.



The End.





